50 WOMEN'S HAIR IN HIS LARIAT.

The Weakest and the Strongest Men in Greater New York.



"Peter Peters is the weakest man alive. His bones have long since turned to chalk, and a child could fracture the largest in his attenuated frame. He s kept tied in bed and held together. practically by wide straps."

PETERS. THE LIVING SKELETON.

He cannot move, and lives in a bed, tied up to prevent his bones from cracking. His arm is shriyelled to a mere bit of fleshless membrane.

HE strongest man in all of the Great-er New York is Max Unger, an eighteen-year-old Sumson, who is exhibiting his prowess every night at an uptown

music hall. He is a marvel.

The weakest man in all of the Greater New York lies strapped in the bed which he has not left for twenty-one years, at the home of his step-mother, No. 521 Liberty street, Union Hill, N. J., just back of Weehawken. This man is more of a marvel than he of the muscles of steel and the strength of a giant atrength of a giant.

One of these men can put up a 250-pound dombbell. The other cannot raise his arm without breaking a bone.

Peter Peters is the weakest man alive. His bones have long since turned to chalk and a child could fracture the largest in his attenuated frame. There is no record of the number of fractures which Peter Peters

baked clay figure. In an attempt to extract | was in San Francisco, living his eccentric but

feavored to raise a glass filled with water. home which knew him to his death. ree months ago, in tossing about in bed,

Peters does not weigh to-day over seventy In a normal life he would have

was found to be shrivelled.



MONUMENT.

Unique Memorial in San Francisco.

N distant San Francisco, the city of the western shore, is to be erected the first monument to Robert Louis Ste-

has sustained. He is kept tied in bed and has a weak constitution. When the dread disease which finally took him off began its serious lareads upon break into pieces, just as if he were a badly was in San Francisco living his eccentric but. tooth the better part of the lower jaw. always lovable life. He has hosts of friends some on that side came away with the there now. In the yacht Sappho he sailed Ten years ago Peters, while alone, en- turned his face westward to that island

The departure from San Francisco, roaming through coral islands, the purpose he chipped a piece out of the left side of less drift into Samoa, and the subsequent his head as large as a silver dollar. This habitation there are romance themselves. is now kept covered with a piece of Out of them came the "Wreckers" and some of the best verse the novelist wrote.

It is a fitting thing then that this firs

monument to him should be set up in Sai Francisco. It is fitting, too, that the monument should take the form of When he was fourteen years of age, while playing on the streets of Guttenburg, he fell and broke a leg. Up to this time he was a vigorous and athletic youth. The injured bone was set, but it refused to knit. When the plaster of paris in which the limb was excased was removed the limb was found to be shrivelled.

The monument should take the form of a saling ship with her prow pointed to the silent lands that lie down under the western Pacific. It is also fitting that he ship should sail its endless journey in he old Plaza of San Francisco, the green square around which in the days of old the great tragedies, the glowing life, the plattures was color of old San Francisco had It was then that the disease called ostroo-placers set in Graduelly all the animal

> Bruce Porter. George Pipers is the sulptor. The ship is to be called the lonaventure. Its design will be that of a numberless in the Western town. His inthirty-gunner of the sixteenth century go-ing under a fair wind, with all sail on. tense love or animals prompted the com-ment. Minful of that, the designers have

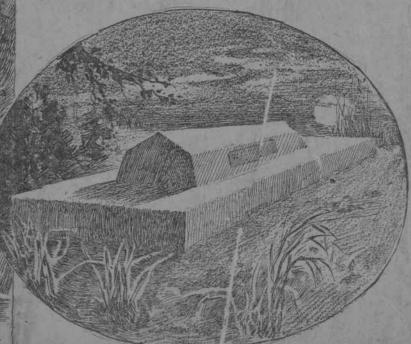
The base upon which it will red is to be perfecy plain. be a simply granite plinth. On one surface will be inscribed this passae from subscriptin the expenses of the monn-"Christmas Sermon:"

will be five feet in height.

tle, to spend a little less, to kep a few and Louis Imogene Guiney are among the wandering dogs, which then and now are pense.

At the bow looking straight away to the placed on another surface of the plinth sunset is a figure of Pallas. The vessel spigot and up, and below that a drip stone THAT IS DRENCHED for thirst dogs. The other surfaces will

"To be honest, to be kind, to ern a lit-lands. St Henry Irving, Andrew Lang friends, and these without capitalation," | conspicuus contributors. Much of the



Frisco's Memorial to Stevenson and His Grave at Simoa. - (FROM PHOTOS).



sits of all tints and textures, and its variegated strands tell the story of many an Indian massacre.

IN WOMAN'S BLOOD.

When Stevenson was a strolle about the streets of San Francisco he ned to comment on the lack of drinking pices for the scribed to drfray nearly the entire extraction.

A lariat made of the hair of scalped white women. Such is the horrible trophy owned by Long Volf, an old Indian on the lack of drinking pices for the scribed to drfray nearly the entire extraction. It is vouched for by a special travelling correspondent of the San Francisco Ex-

> Long Wolf is a renegade Blackfoot. He is dd and wrinked, but his small black eyer snap and tash like shining beads through the yellow parchment of his leathery face. Old as he is, Long Wolf is as active as a man half his age.

> And always at the pommel of his saddle is tisd this long, stong rints, made of the hair of dead womes.
>
> Long Wolf will not tell you the history of tie larint. "Heap good Indian, now,"

> he vill say, striking his chest proudly. The he will smile cunningly, and run-ing the long rope through his hands, will scar closely every yard of it, as though bushed with memories of the past.

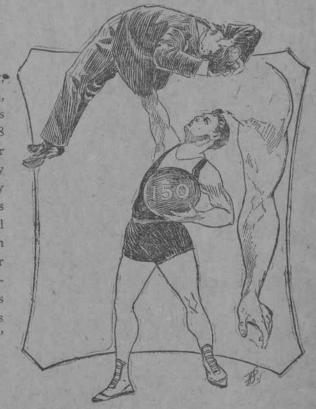
> The scalps of white women was his hobby, although his lodge pole flaunted the locks of many men killed in open battle, He belonged to those marauding bands which were the terror of old-time emigrant

must have taken the hair of fifty women to make that rope. It is smooth and pliable, and strong enough to hold a Run your eye down the length of it and notice the different textures of the thing.

Some of it is soft and deliente to the touch. Other portions are rough and wiry. Here is a long blond strand that flashes golden in the sunlight. A young mald, perhaps, ruthlessly slaughtered by

One Cannot Raise His Arm---The Other Is a Boy Hercuses.

"Max Unger, the boy Samson, raises dumbbells weighing 228 pounds. If poor Peters would try to raise his empty hand, the bones of the arm would preak of their own weight. Unger could grasp Peters in his hands and crush his ones to powder."



UNGER, THE YOUNG GIANT.

He is but eighteen, and weighs 170 pounds. His arm has enormous development and it is strong enough to raise a man off the floor with a 150-pound weight in his other hand.

HOBO JACK, TRAMP SAILOR.

Afone on a House Boat.

Jack," the tramp sailor of the Sound, whose queer house boat has attracted good deal of life. I have finally fitted up so much attention along this coast, has

said to a Journal reporter. "Why, to be sure it has its perils, but these are found on land as well as on sea, and I don't know that the life I am leading is any more dangerous than that of thousands of other tramps who go from place to

place, with no place they can call home. "Now, contrast the life these fellow lead with mine. First of all, I possess home. That home is my boat. It is a ld-timer, but it is stanch and stands th thumping of the waves. I have no fare the next. I don't have to sneak aboard freight train and risk my neck. If I want to visit the Long Island shore or other parts of the coast, I just hoist sail and the winds of heaven fill the canvas, old and moth eaten though it is, and I sail away as free as a bird.

"Around the shore coves I can steer with my paddle and float at will. If n storm comes I can pull the old boat up into some quiet cove and ride out the tempest; or if the waves get too bolsterous I can drag the old craft up on the beach and let old ocean roar.

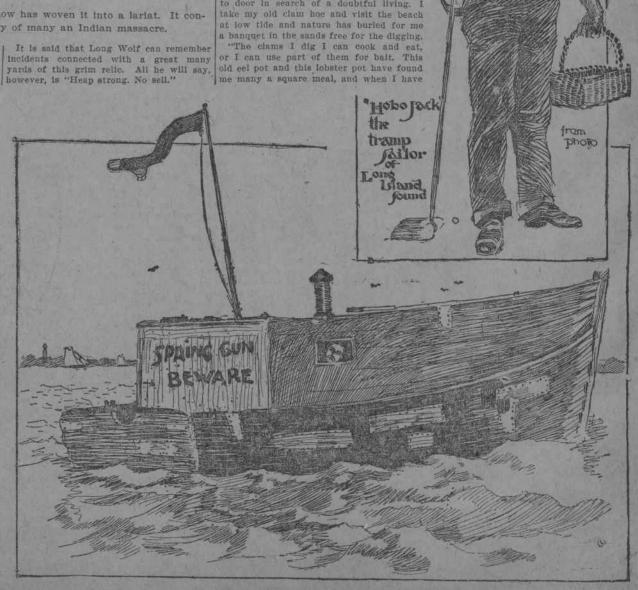
"The land tramp goes begging from door to door in search of a doubtful living. I take my old clam hoe and visit the beach at low tide and nature has buried for me

more than I need, I can sell them in town, "For fuel I use the driftwood upon the beach, which is all ready for the touch of what of that? A fellow doesn't need only enough to keep his body warm, and it don't

answer the purpose.
"How did I become a sea tramp? Now, Odd Specimen Who Lives that's another story. I'll say this, however, I was born the son of a Baptist minister down East, and was given a good education and fitted for college, but certain things happened in my life that changed my whole career. What those were is no one's busi-

ness but my own. "I have been a rover. I have crossed the S AYBROOK, Conn., July 3.—"Hobo and the West Indies and other foreign ocean and have been to China and Japan so much attention mong this coast, has the soft boat, and I propose my purposes well, and I propose now to follow the sea in it as I have for the past three years.

"Hobo Jack" is a good deal of a philosopher and an interesting talker. "Do I find this method of life dangerous?" he have it. I ask no odds of humanity at large, and simply want to be let alone. I said the Towney I security "Why to be



The Tramp Sailor's Queer Houseboat on Long Island Sound.—(FROM A SKETCH).